

## POTTER'S FOES DRAG HIM OUT.

The Clergyman's Castle at  
Last Stormed and Taken  
by the Guard.

"ENTER AT YOUR PERIL!"

He Threatened the Enemy with  
Violence, but Was Quickly  
Overpowered.

DOORS AND WINDOWS NAILED.

The Mission House Is Fortified Against  
the Minister, Who Has Been  
in a State of Siege  
for Weeks.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel C. Potter was forcibly  
ejected yesterday afternoon from the  
Mission House, No. 102 Second Avenue.



Hustling Dr. Potter Out of the Baptist Mission House.

where for some weeks past he had been in a state of siege.

He evidently expected that something of the kind would occur, for, long before daybreak, he sent around to the Union Storage Company, in East Twenty-second street, and had them remove a lot of his furniture to their vans. His household goods were still in the company's keeping at a late hour last night, awaiting his further orders.

It was a few minutes past 2 o'clock in the afternoon when Captain Culbertson, in command of the guard from the Baptist City Mission Society, which had been watching the house for weeks past, decided that the time had come to drive the clergyman out of the building. Dr. Gunn, who has been attending Sterling Potter, the invalid son of the minister, had just arrived at the house on his daily visit. As he mounted the stairs Captain Culbertson, accompanied by a burly member of the guard, named McFlaherty, followed close after.

Dr. Gunn knocked at the door of the clergyman's room and was admitted. The door was then quickly closed and bolted. Inside of the room at this time were Dr. Potter, his son, Sterling, Dr. Gunn and Miss Ross, the lessee of living apartments in the Mission House, and a stanch friend of the clergyman, to whom she sublet the rooms he has been occupying.

Captain Culbertson rapped loudly at the door and demanded admittance.

"Dr. Potter," he said, "I want to get in. You know that I have been friendly to you, and I now want to say that this has got to end. You will either open the door and let me in, or I shall be compelled to force it open."

"Parley Through a Crack."

"Captain Culbertson and brother," came Dr. Potter's voice through the keyhole, the fraternal greeting being due to the fact that the clergyman and the captain are fellow Free Masons. "I do not acknowledge your right to enter forcibly or otherwise. This door has on it a chain and lock. I will open the door for the space of a foot without undoing the chain, so as to permit of our discussing this question."

"Well, do that," replied the captain of the guard.

The door was opened, and Dr. Potter stood face to face with the representative of the society.

"By what right," he demanded, "do you make this threat to enter my home? You know I have a duty to perform, and I intend to carry out my instructions. I have been as lenient as I could and your friend as far as it was possible to be, but patience has come to be a virtue, and you must come peaceably or forcibly."

"Enter at your peril," cried Dr. Potter.

"These apartments are mine," Miss Ross

angrily exclaimed. "I have paid the rent for them. Dr. Potter has a right to remain here as long as I want him to do so."

"If the door is not opened in one minute's time," shouted Captain Culbertson, "we will break it down."

This was followed by a whispered consultation among those on the inside of the door. The minute passed and no word of surrender came.

Enemy Takes the Fort.

"Here goes, then," cried Culbertson. He and the giant McFlaherty put their shoulders to the door. Their united strength was so great that the staple of the chain was forced from the door sill, and the chain itself was cut through as by a knife. Culbertson marched up to Dr. Potter and exclaimed: "In the name of the New York Baptist City Mission Society I demand that you instantly leave this apartment."

"Captain Culbertson," said Dr. Potter, "don't touch me at your peril. I am a law-abiding citizen. Stories have been set afloat by the general press that I intended to defend myself with a revolver, but I will show you the truth of these reports by throwing up both of my hands. But I warn you and your hirelings not to lay a hand on me." And with that Dr. Potter stared at Culbertson and McFlaherty.

"Come now, Doctor," said Culbertson, "out you must go. Mac," turning to the giant, "don't use force to a brother," cried Dr. Potter.

Disregarding this, Culbertson caught the Doctor by one arm while McFlaherty seized him by the other, and they began to drag him out of the room. Dr. Potter struggled manfully, but the odds were too much for him. When he reached the hall his feet slipped from under him and he was more than ever at the mercy of the enemy. Nevertheless, he fought them all the way down the two flights of stairs.

When they reached the ground floor Dr. Potter desired to go through the

O'SULLIVAN HITS REFORM.

The Ex-Senator Tells the Iroquois Club That  
the Present City Administration  
Has Been a Failure.

Ex-Senator Thomas C. O'Sullivan addressed the members of the Iroquois Club on "The Reform Administration" at the rooms of the club, No. 4 West Thirtieth street, last night. He attacked the administration of Mayor Strong, declaring that it was a failure from start to finish.

O'Sullivan said the Lexow investigation of trusts was a political blind to throw dust in the eyes of the people, as had been the former Lexow investigation.

"The Chamber of Commerce people," the speaker continued, "said that when \$10,000,000 was added to the \$104,000,000 bonded debt of the city which was its figure during the last year of Tammany power, the credit of the city would be swept into the gulf of financial disaster. Yet the reform administration has increased the bonded debt to \$18,000,000, and the Chamber of Commerce remains quiet and gives forth no warning signal."

"The tax rate of the city has been increased from \$1.75 under Tammany, to \$2.14, with good prospects of a further increase to \$2.25 for next year. Reform comes high, but we must have it."

Goldman Concludes to Return to Work After His Bluff at Suicide.

Ignatz Goldman, a shoemaker, twenty-seven years old, came to this country with

Another expedition has started for Cuba on the filibustering steamer Laurada, in spite of the united vigilance of the Pinkertons and the United States Government.

Cubans in New York yesterday were laughing at the clever manner in which both had been outwitted.

The Laurada is in command of Captain Johnny O'Brien-Dynamite Johnny, and besides the crew there are some thirty men on board.

As nearly as could be ascertained the cargo includes:

Cartridges—2,000,000 rounds.

Rifles—2,000.

Dynamite—25 tons.

Besides these munitions of war, there were many cases of clothing, medicines and provisions.

This is how it all happened: The Laurada left Baltimore last Saturday, ostensibly for Philadelphia. Naturally, she should have reached there on Sunday, so at least the filibustering thought, and when the Pinkertons failed to appear on Sunday night the tug Protector, with three Pinkerton detectives on board, left Philadelphia in search of her.

Instinctively the Pinkertons directed the Protector's pilot to seek the neighborhood of Barnegat. The Laurada was not there when the Protector arrived on Monday afternoon, but eight miles off shore they saw two tugs, one with a schooner in tow, and the other lashed to a large barge. The barge was the Joseph H., in tow of the tug Volunteer, and the schooner was the Donna Briggs, but the tug in charge of her had her name covered with canvas. These vessels had left an East River pier on Sunday night, and both barge and schooner were piled high with the cargo intended for the Laurada, but canvas covered the cargo from view.

On the schooner, too, were Captain Johnnie O'Brien and the thirty men who were to go fully out to sea.

The Protector steamed around the little flotilla and finally halted the Volunteer, but received no response, so the Pinkerton tug lay to and waited.

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How the Laurada Went Filibustering

A Piece of Strategy That Taken Ill a Week Ago

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IS NOW WELL ON HER WAY.

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Lost in the Dense Fog.

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## NELSON WHEATCROFT DIES OF PNEUMONIA.

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While Playing in "Spiritisme."

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